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MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP BOOK.

PATENTS:

UNITED STATES.

JUNE 24TH, 1873.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MAY 16TH, 1877.

FRANCE.

MAY 18TH, 1877.

TRADE MARKS:

UNITED STATES.

REGISTERED No. 5,896.

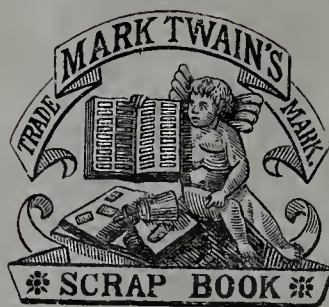
GREAT BRITAIN.

REGISTERED No. 15,979.

DIRECTIONS.

Use but little moisture, and only on the gummed lines. Press the scrap on without wetting it.

DANIEL SLOTE & COMPANY,
NEW YORK.



INDEX.

A

Page

B

Page

B

C

INDEX.

U V

Page

W

W

X Y Z

From,

*Louis
Philipp Og*

Date,

Dec 15 1795

they had been occupied by daring and adventurous pioneers, who, in many instances, paid dearly for their timidity in pushing off into the wilderness, beyond the confines of civilization, to carve out homes for themselves and their posterity.

In 1874 the chiefs of the Six Nations granted to the proprietaries of the province a vast body of land, including the Great Cove. This grant caused widespread dissatisfaction among many of the Indians, and, as a consequence, the grant was not confirmed until 1758. In the meantime, however, the weight of savage ferocity fell heavily upon these frontiersmen, and their patience was sorely tried. On November 1, 1755, Shingas, the king of the Delawares,



OLD M'CONNELL HOUSE, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF A. CLEVENGER.

OLD McCONNELLSBURG

THE ONLY TOWN IN THE STATE WITHOUT A POORHOUSE,
A RAILROAD AND A DEBT—GLIMPSES
AT ITS HISTORY.

From a Correspondent of THE TIMES.

McCONNELLSBURG, December 14.

In the histories of the early settlements of Pennsylvania frequent reference is made to the Great Cove (now familiarly known as McConnell's Cove, in honor of Daniel McConnell, the proprietor of McConnellsburg) a rich, fertile and highly productive valley situated immediately west of the Tuscarora, or Kittatinny Mountain, and extending almost from the Maryland line north through Fulton county, a distance of about seventeen miles. The Great Cove is a portion of the purchase of 1758, but long before these lands had been acquired from the Red Men

with about fifty followers, including two French allies, entered the Great Cove and began murdering the defenseless inhabitants and destroying their property. All the settlers who had warning of the approach of the savages fled, and the others, including helpless and defenseless women and children, were either wounded, murdered or taken captive. About this time, at the urgent request of Governor Morris, on the petition of numerous inhabitants of the frontier, the General Assembly of the province authorized the erection of a chain of forts and blockade houses along the western side of the Kittatinny Mountains from the Susquehanna river to the Maryland line, these were completed early in the year 1756.

After the purchase of 1758 was confirmed, for the lands west of the Kittatuney Mountains, the disquietude was to a great extent settled, although the settlers were frequently compelled to defend themselves and their families from the incursions made upon them by the Indians, and thus for a long time they lived in constant fear of unexpected attacks by the savages.

On the 20th day of April, 1786, the town of McConnellsburg was laid out in the central part of the Great Cove by Daniel McConnell, the son of Adam McConnell, a Scotchman, and, although old in years, but small in size, still it is difficult to find anywhere in Pennsylvania a town that is laid out with more regularity. Entirely surrounding the town are commons fifty feet wide. The streets are all fifty feet in width and the alleys twelve feet, and each lot contains one-fourth of an acre; the commons, streets and alleys were by deed conveyed by the proprietor to the inhabitants of the town for public use. In the original plot of the town Main street was designed to run east and west through the public square, and to be the principal street, but the business of the town centered upon the old road, now Water street, which early was and still remains the principal thoroughfare. Daniel McConnell and his brother, William, first settled where the town now stands, the lands having been granted to them by warrant dated 1762, though there is record evidence that the lands were settled and occupied some years earlier. William McConnell sold out to his brother, Daniel, and moved further west some time during the last century, but Daniel remained on the old homestead, where, it is said, he kept a tavern (the McConnell Inn) and had a large custom of wagoners and packers from long before the town was laid out until the time of his death, which occurred in 1802. When McConnell laid out the town he reserved an annual ground rent of \$1.33 on each lot, but at present the most of these have been bought out, and only a very few remain and are held by parties who refuse to sell them. At the time the town was laid out its site was on one of the main thoroughfares between the east and the west. This road was originally a pack-horse trail, or "packers' path," leading from the Eastern settlements, via Mercersburg, and westward to the forks of the Ohio, the present site of Pittsburg. From Fort Loudon, seven miles east, ran another path that intersected the former half a mile east of McConnellsburg. The first building erected on the site of McConnellsburg was the old block house, which stood immediately in the rear of the Duffield spring. It was erected during the year 1755, or 1756 and was a relic of the gloomy period in the history of the Great Cove when the lives of the scattered settlers were in constant peril from the wily and savage foes. This building was about twenty feet square stood back about thirty feet from Water street, with the spring immediately in front of it. It was built of heavy oak logs, squared and dove-tailed together, so closely as to leave no cracks. It had but one entrance, and that facing the spring for convenience. It had also numerous portholes on each of its four sides. But the old block house is now numbered with the things of the past, its history being even unknown to many of the inhabitants of the town. It was torn down some time prior to the year

1790 and converted into a dwelling which now forms part of the dining room of the Dickson residence, only a few feet west of its original location. Among the old relics of the town used on Fourth of July occasions many years ago was an old swivel, or cannon, about four feet in length, which, according to tradition, was used as an engine of destruction or defense in the old block house.

By an act of the Legislature, approved March 28, 1814, McConnellsburg was incorporated into a borough, which at that time, on account of its location, had grown into a thrifty, prosperous and industrious village, with a population of about two hundred and fifty, some forty residences, nine stores, seven taverns, four blacksmith shops, two wagon-maker shops, two drug stores, two tanneries, one school house, several shoe-maker shops and two churches, Presbyterian and Lutheran. In the year following the Chambersburg and Bedford turnpike was completed, and with its completion through the town was brought increased traveling facilities between the Eastern cities and settlements and points West, which greatly increased the business and prosperity of the town. The prosperity of the town continued until the construction of railroads diverted the travel and the conveyance of goods and other articles of merchandise dwindled into insignificance, compared with that of former days. The Great Cove has always been strictly an agricultural community, and McConnellsburg has never been favored with manufacturing establishments, in consequence of which there has never been much inducement to draw people to McConnellsburg or to retain what is there, besides those necessary to till the farms, run the hotels, stores and shops and to practice the different professions. In 1840 the population of the town was 486, while in 1890 it was only 594, a very small increase in half a century.

As the inhabitants of the eastern parts of Bedford country labored under such great disadvantages and inconveniences in order to reach the county seat, many having from forty to fifty miles to travel, the formation of a new county was agitated and by an act of the Legislature, approved April 19, 1850, the county of Fulton was organized. The inhabitants of McConnellsburg and vicinity pledged the sum of \$13,000 and thus succeeded in securing the county seat. The Court House, which was completed in 1852, and which cost but a trifle over \$6,000, compares very favorably with any similar building in the State, taking into consideration the wealth of Fulton county. On the formation of the county Hons. Mark Dickson and David Mann were appointed associate Judges and Solomon Mason Prothonotary and Clerk of the Courts. Until the completion of the Court House the terms of court were held in the old white church formerly used by the Presbyterians. Hon. Jeremiah S. Black was the first President Judge of the new county.

It is a matter of interest that the first temple of justice in Fulton county, which, by the way, had been built and used by the forefathers of the good psalm-singers of the Great Cove as a temple for the worship of the Holy God, was honored by the presence of one who "was a devout Christian; fearing nothing else in the world, he lived always in the fear of God. His whole mind and

being well saturated with the morality of the Testament of Christ, which, he said, was filled with all the forms of moral beauty and radiant with the miracles of light." The inhabitants of McConnellsburg still honor and revere the name of Judge Black. A more fitting example of American nobility cannot be found than that given us in the life and character of the plowboy of Somerset, the great lawyer whose dying prayer showed the strong faith and firm hope to which his great heart and intellect had so long been anchored.

"O, thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being, and in whom I ever trusted, grant, if it be Thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony and that I speedily be called to Thee. And O God, bless and comfort this my Mary."

It is said that after the close of this beautiful and tender petition Judge Black turned over on his pillow and calmly passed away.

The organization of Fulton county was soon followed by the establishment of county newspapers. On September 20, 1850, was issued the first number of the Fulton Democrat and Farmers and Mechanics' Advertiser by James B. Sansom, but the latter part of the name was soon dropped and its name became the Fulton Democrat, which it now bears. The first number of the Fulton Republican appeared on January 17, 1851, with John McCurdy as editor. It was established as a joint stock concern, but it gradually merged into private property. The names of James B. Sansom, John McCurdy, John H. Miller, Henry G. Smith, John U. Shaffer, Josiah E. Barkley, W. W. Sellers, John A. Robinson, George W. Skinner, James Pott, W. Scott Alexander and others, former editors of these papers, are familiarly known to many throughout the State in politics and as newspaper writers. The Democrat and Republican are the only newspapers now published in the county, and both are very creditable country newspapers on a paying basis.

McConnellsburg, like all other communities, has not been without its eccentric character, and the nearest the Tuscarora mountain was ever being tunneled by cumbered or unincumbered capitalists was by one of these named Goff. He was a fiddler,

shoemaker, prospector and theorist, without geological knowledge. He imagined that the bowels of the Tuscarora mountains, if developed, would give him and future generations abundant riches. If Goff found coal it would make him and all his relatives as rich as Girard, and there was no reason, thought Goff, why the Tuscaroras should not supply as good coal as other places; mountains were mountains, and if coal is found in one, why not in all. He was no mineralogist, but his faith in his own logic and pick was strong enough to tunnel the globe. He commenced his excavation on the side of the mountain near town, where he toiled many a weary day and only covered his hopes with dirt instead of coal. Hours and days that often exhausted his short allowance for food drove him back to the shoemaker's bench for the means of obtaining a fresh supply. He was a toiler to whom the evening shades but seldom brought anything more substantial than weary limbs and air castles. A cold corn cake to-day, a

coal mine and riches to-morrow—this was his prospect as he daily wended his way to the mountain side, or returned in the evening to take up his fiddle and bow to cheer the inner man as best they could. Goff's Hole, extending over 100 feet into the mountain side, is all remaining to show that he ever lived.

In early times, the only road passing through McConnellsburg was the pack-horse trail, or "packers' path," leading from the eastern settlements to points further west, and was formerly traversed by the early traders who dealt with the Indians. In 1761, by an order of the Cumberland County Court, a "bridle path," now called a public road was laid out from Carlisle, via the Cove Gap and McConnellsburg, to the foot of Sideling Hill, fourteen miles west of McConnellsburg, to intersect the Provincial road opened by General Braddock in 1755. The order to open the "bridle path" was issued to William McConnell, then one of the Supervisors of Eber (Ayr) township, Cumberland county. This "bridle path" is now the site of Water street, McConnellsburg, formerly the pack-horse trail, which

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McCONNELLSBURG AND THE GREAT COVE, FROM THE WEST.

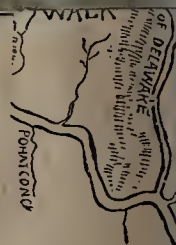
...occame the Chambersburg and Bedford turnpike. It passed the "stony batter," the birth-place of James Buchanan, six miles east of McConnellsburg, where Buchanan's father kept a store with supplies for the packers and traders. The point is calculated to bewilder the traveler. A small village near by with two distilleries send up their smoke into the pine-perfumed atmosphere, where President Buchanan in his boyhood days, as tradition has it, was compelled to wear a bell, so that he might not get lost in the mountain fastness, and where "Gath," the newspaper correspondent, was enabled to get his bearings on a certain occasion not long distant until he reached McConnellsburg.

Those who at the present day are favored with rapid transit mode of traveling can form no idea of the methods of travel three-fourths of a century ago. Gigs, emigrant wagons and stage coaches were the only means of conveyance in those days, unless the traveler preferred horse-back. The arrival of the stage coach was hailed with as much anxiety by inhabitants as would be an ocean steamer to the people of the seaboard towns. The knight of the whip,

perched high on the box on the top of his coach, guiding his four or six fiery steeds with the ribbons, or by the motion of his whip, gave notice of his arrival, as he entered the town, by blowing his bugle, or often a common tin horn. So much rivalry existed among the different stage coach lines that not a moment's time was permitted to be lost. At the relay stations, of which McConnellsburg was one, where horses were changed, fresh horses were in readiness and very few minutes elapsed before the change was made, and off again they sped, frequently at a full gallop.

Prominent men of the past generation passed through McConnellsburg, particularly before the introduction of railroads in the palmy days of the Bedford Springs. Presidents Washington, Harrison, Taylor and Buchanan and the leading politicians of their day knew more of the little mountain city than do those of the present day.

No more quaint and interesting scene can be conceived of than for a person in his imagination to be carried back to a town like McConnellsburg, as it existed three-



OF THE DAY AND

Instances quite owner but the is so. Last are fortunate not of property. The application to the Affairs, and become land aggregating who discover the State for practically many people in searching of course such red, but as a rule accidentally, a queer shape contiguous to it are from the discovery the recently discovered owned by the one shaped like a like the Troop in both of these grow to be of many lands to the time they were, and the owner too glad to escape and friction by the figure. year It seems a property in the State by these villages evidently not come in steadily

FULTON COUNTY COURT HOUSE, McCONNELLSBURG

are two reasons

quarters of a century ago. Located in a beautiful, fertile valley, between the mountains, a veritable mountain city, on the main thoroughfare between Philadelphia, Baltimore and the East, and Pittsburg and the growing West, with little or no communication with the outside world, except that afforded by the turnpike. In those days all the goods, wares, merchandise and articles of trade for the Western settlements were conveyed in wagons, which on their return would bring the products of the Western settlements. Old Conestoga wagons heavily-laden with goods piled sky-high, slowly drawn by six or eight sleek, well-fed horses, driven by jolly and good-natured wagoners, literally lined the road from early morn until far into the night. These wagoners carried with them in the rear of their wagons their bedding, which at nightfall they would unroll on the bar-room floors and seek repose, luxuriously on those who swung for many weary miles on the saddle horse, or patiently trudged along the sides of their wagons. Many and weird were the tales that were told by these old wagoners, as they lay upon their improvised beds, tales of adventure, hair-breadth escapes, as well as those of a social, pathetic nature.

Many of the tavern of days gone by are now things of the past, known only by tradition, their necessity having long since ceased, and their hospitable and sociable

landlords referred to only in terms of highest praise. The oldest hotel building in the town, the McConnell Inn, is still standing, but is used exclusively as a dwelling. The Cross Keys was demolished years ago, and on its site stands a large mercantile establishment. The Old Stone Tavern, now called the Fulton House, is still standing with some modern improvements. The Eagle was razed and supplanted by the Henry House two years ago. The Washington House, on Court House Square, was erected soon after the formation of Fulton county, while many other buildings formerly used as taverns were converted into dwellings long before the memory of the present generation. The tavern yards were paved or macadamized, much to the discomfort of those who are at present gardening them. The names of many of the older inn-keepers are lost to memory, but frequently are heard the familiar names of Daniel McConnell, Andrew Lindsay, George Frymier, John Frymier, William Scott, John Fletcher, John Shugart, William Wendle, John Fosnot, John Shaffer, Isaac Shaffer, Russell Blood and others, all of whom have long since passed away, and their places filled by Mark Dickson, William C. McNulty, Thomas Speer, Isaac Baker, John Jones, Henry Hoke, Aaron Clevenger, Jacob McDonald, John Furman, S. B. Woollet, George W. Cooper and Augustus Rexroth, the three last named being the proprietors of McConnellsburg's hotels at present.

Among the notable persons of the town of an opprobrious character none created more of a sensation at home and abroad than Rachel Cunningham. She is described as being of handsome physique, attractive in her ways and appearance, but devoid of beauty. After growing to womanhood she was very seldom at home, but spent the greater portion of her time at Mercersburg, Washington and Baltimore. The power which she pos-

sessed seemed almost magical. Many orators and political magnates "knew her" and were bound by her dictates. She was a Dallah shearing the Samson, but profiting in no way thereby. On one occasion during the existence of the Masonic Lodge she returned home accompanied by a stranger of fine appearance and apparently gentlemanly in his bearing, but the fact that he was traveling with Rachel aroused suspicion and the inhabitants of the town determined that he must be driven off. A mob collected around the old stone tavern, where he was stopping, and would have hung him to the nearest tree had not Andrew Lindsay, the proprietor of the tavern, and a prominent Mason, interposed in his behalf. The stranger was brought to the porch in front of the tavern, and he, after making some signs to the infuriated mob, and supposed to be understood by the Masons, was permitted to depart from the town in peace. In the towns where Rachel visited she caused many domestic troubles among the prominent families, but the most fatal was in the family of Sheriff Swanigan, of Hagerstown, Md. Swanigan became so infatuated with her that he murdered his wife, and was afterwards executed in expiation of his crime. After an eventful, but unsuccessful career she died in the Baltimore Almshouse. Under more favorable circumstances and proper influences her name would have filled pages of the country's history, but, as it is, her friends can only lament the loss of the influence of a queenly woman whose paths might have been those of peace and usefulness.

Situated so close to the Mason and Dixon's line the inhabitants of McConnellsburg were frequently badly frightened by reports of the approach of the rebels, and on several occasions, to their sorrow, they had them "in their midst," especially in June, 1863, when the town was plundered by rebel cavalry, and in August, 1864, when McCausland raided McConnellsburg after burning Chambersburg.

Fulton county is frequently spoken of sarcastically, by those not acquainted with it and its people, as the only county in the State without a railroad, as though a railroad makes the people and their pleasant surroundings, but it must be remembered that the county is also without a Poorhouse, and, until recently, without a debt. Its inhabitants, composed principally of Scotch-Irish and Germans, are an honest, industrious and intelligent class of people who live within their means, and who enjoy their home comforts to as great an extent as those in any other portion of the State. The county in the main is mountainous and hilly, the mountains and uplands and much of the arable lands are yet covered with excellent timber—pine, white oak, chestnut oak, poplar, maple, walnut and other varieties—indigenous to the State. The chief industry of the county is agriculture.

W. SCOTT ALEXANDER.

McCONNELLSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1930.

Unveiling of Marker for Last Confederate Campfire

The Flag of the Confederacy Flew With the Stars and Stripes During the Unveiling Ceremonies Last Thursday.

Exercises Held at the W. C. and J. L. Patterson Farm in Ayr Township.

At the intersection of the road leading to the delightful old stone house, where the Pattersons have been life long residents, a native lime stone cairn with four foot face and standing almost seven feet in height has been erected. The masonry, a fine piece of workmanship is the product of David Gress who is well known for his art. On the face of this monument is a bronze tablet twenty-four inches wide by forty-three inches in height and bearing this inscription:

GENERAL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY ENCAMPED 20 RODS WEST OF THIS MARKER AT THE PATTERSON HOME, JULY 31, 1864 AFTER THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG. THIS WAS THE LAST CONFEDERATE BIVOUAC NORTH OF THE MASON AND DIXON LINE. Erected by The Pennsylvania Historical Commission and The Fulton County Historical Society, and dedicated by The Pittsburgh Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy.

This fine historical marker faces on the State Highway leading from McConnellsburg to Hancock, Md.

The day of dedication marked the sixty-sixth anniversary of this Confederate campfire. Ideal weather added to the occasion and many visitors from a distance attended the ceremonies including delegations from Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Huntingdon, Bedford, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, Greencastle and Mercersburg.

The ceremonies of the day were in charge of The Fulton County Historical Society, the program having been planned by a committee of that organization consisting of Rev. William J. Lowe, Ch., Mrs. Merrill W. Nace and John B. Runyan.

The first part of the ceremony took place at the marker and were in charge of Hon. D. H. Patterson, President of the Historical Society. Rev. William J. Lowe, Secretary of the Society offered the Invocation in which he thanked God for the peace and the fruits of peace which the years have brought, following the days of strife between the North and the South. He invoked God's blessing on all efforts for continued peace, not only among ourselves as a great people, but that even through us for all nations.

"We have met today," said Mr. Patterson, "to commemorate an important event of the Civil War, which occurred here sixty-six years ago. The Pennsylvania Historical Commission and The Fulton County Historical Society have together placed this marker of native stone and a bronze tablet attached, which will be a reminder to those who come after us of the crisis in our history from which emerged a United Nation. We are honored by the presence of Mrs. John Pryor Cowan, President of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who will now take charge of the unveiling program."

Mrs. Cowan said in part, "It gives me great pleasure to be here and bring to you the greetings of the Pittsburgh Chapter. I hoped we might have with us today the President General of the U. D. C. from Alabama. This occasion is just one more bond to show the world that we are all one."

Misses Ann Louise Cowan and Mary Ellen Patterson then drew the flags from the marker; little Miss Cowan gently gathering the Stars and Stripes in her arms while little Miss Patterson gathered to her self the stars and bars. Members of the Capt. Jas. McKibbin Post, American Legion, acted as guard of honor during the unveiling ceremony.

The assembly then proceeded to the Patterson Home and gathered in the large front lawn under the delightful shade of the trees, where chairs and benches had been provided giving ample seating accommodations for all. The front porch became the speakers rostrum and here again Mr. Patterson opened the program as follows:

"This beautiful valley of the Big Cove, has an interesting history, dating back to 1734 when the first Scotch Irish immigrants settled here. The Potomac River being only a few miles to the south, during the Civil War, it was subjected to frequent raids by Confederate Cavalry. I frequently came in contact with them. Indeed I am somewhat related. I was a member of the 14th Regiment of Pennsylvania Minute Men and was at the battle of Antietam altho I did not get a chance to fire my gun. In 1863 I was a prisoner of the Confederacy for a short time. It took 250 Cavalry men to capture me, that was because I was a good runner. I have no personal knowledge of General Johnson's march to the Potomac; I have not been able to find anyone who was an eyewitness to it. We are fortunate today in having two members of the Patterson family with us who were

eyewitness to it. We are fortunate that day.

"It is a significant fact and worthy of note that the North and South are united in these ceremonies. Standing together to uphold our free institutions and hand down to posterity the heritage which we received from our forefathers.

"In the name of the Fulton County Historical Society, I extend a cordial welcome to the members of The Pennsylvania Historical Commission, Mrs. John Pryor Cowan and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and our many visiting friends. It gives me great pleasure at this time to introduce Mr. William H. Stevenson, of Pittsburgh, Chairman of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, who will preside."

Mr. Stevenson said in part, "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I was invited to this meeting to act as chairman. In behalf of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission we welcome all, because we all belong to this great state. Strength indeed was given to the arch of states when the key-stone was dropped in place. We also welcome our friends from the South. We feel that we cannot be good American citizens when we forget the past. We must not forget and it is to be regretted that so many people have such a slight knowledge of history." Mr. Stevenson then illustrated this point with a story of the man who wanted to buy a book and did not know just what he wanted and when he was asked if he read The Fall of Pompeii, he asked, from what it fell and the cause. The clerk in the book store was new and not very well read himself and so replied, he thought the cause was some kind of an eruption. "So with the events which bring us together today, they were caused by some sort of an eruption."

"We still believe", continued Mr. Stevenson "that the spirits of the departed come back and that we are surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses who are looking down on this occasion with a great deal of interest. Their sons in laying down their lives knew neither North nor South."

The first speaker presented by the chairman was Finley McN. Johnston, Esq., who spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"The ground upon which the marker just unveiled, is erected, is a part of a large tract of real estate, for which an application, No. 3878, for a warrant was filed, Nov. 2nd., 1768, and which became legally vested in Andrew Work, whose great-grandson

8

your speaker is, to whom it was patented under the name of "Workington" March 7, 1807, and it together with some added tracts, bears the name Workington Farms to this day.

"Through sundry conveyances the Workington tract became vested in Thomas Logan, who with his wife Mary, by deed, dated May 12, 1842 conveyed the same to Hon. David Hunter, at one time a member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature from Bedford County from which Fulton County was carved; the largest real estate owner in McConnells Cove at that period, the contractor and builder of the once widely known "Hunter Road", across the Tuscarora mountain, and grandfather of our highly respected and greatly beloved fellow citizen, Hon. David Hunter Patterson, ex-representative from Fulton county to the State Legislature, Civil War Veteran, and now President of The Fulton County Historical Society.

"It might be appropriate to mention here that the Patterson farm, where we are now gathered, and upon which the noted and courteous Confederate officer whom we are remembering today in a manner that will carry his name down to future posterities, pitched his tent just around the barn in our rear—not in the barn yard—66 years ago, became vested in the aforementioned Thomas Logan. He, it was who, erected this magnificent stone residence in 1798, and as a descendant of his, here today states, did the mason work himself.

"In the same deed in which he conveyed Workington, he also conveyed this farm to Hon. David Hunter.

"On Jan. 15, 1848, said David Hunter, conveyed, inter alia, Workington Farms to the Rev. Finley W. McNaughton, who subsequently in his last will and testament bequeathed the same to Finley McNaughton Johnston, whose namesake and eldest grandson is about to donate this site.

"And the said David Hunter by his last will and testament, bequeathed this Patterson farm which doubtless was the tract named "Industry", patented to Andrew Work also on March 7, 1807, to his daughter, Anne and her husband John B. Patterson, jointly, parents of the late T. Elliott Patterson who became a personal friend of General Bradley Johnson. Upon

the death of his wife, John B. Patterson became the sole owner of this farm and W. Calvin, J. Lind and their sister Bessie B. Patterson are the sole legal heirs.

"It may be of some interest to some to learn that the donor on his mother's side is a descendant of one, John Johnston, who migrated to Virginia over 100 years ago and became a large land owner in that state.

"I have been informed that Gen. Bradley Johnson was a lineal descendant of Sir Archibald Johnston, Lord of Warriston. I being the same, of course there is a binding tie between us.

"It would seem extremely fitting, therefore, that a great grandson of the patentee of 'Workington' should donate a portion of it for a site for a marker to point out the spot where a distant relative reposed over night, to draw in line of battle the next morning on the said tract his three thousand cavalymen.

"I indeed consider it a great honor conferred on me by fate, and I take unbounded pleasure in donating this parcel of ground to the Pennsylvania Historical Commission".

Mr. Stevenson then introduced Dr. Hiram H. Shenk, Archivist and Historian and Executive Secretary of the Historical Commission who spoke as follows:—

"I am not going to make a historical address. There are others who are present and who know more than I, but I am reminded that some forty years ago there sat together in Philadelphia two distinguished Americans, one from the north and the other from the south. They were General Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia and General James A. Beaver, Governor of this State. The soldier from the south said he had one regret and that was, that had he and General Beaver become acquainted before the war, there would have been no conflict. I have been asked by the members of The Fulton County Historical Society to give this bronze tablet and now to whom shall it be given?" Dr. Shenk then spoke of the dedication of the monument to the Confederate soldiers who were killed in battle in McConnellsburg and how a member of

this home where we were meeting, referring to the late T. Elliott Patterson, had kept green their graves. Said Dr. Shenk, "The fortunes of war brot them to this village and here they met death, one from Virginia and the other from North Carolina. What should be done with these bodies? Following their burial a member of this family kept green their graves and a year ago we dedicated a marker to them. Now to whom shall we give a tablet of this kind? To the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and to The American Legion and to the Historical Society of Fulton county and to future generations. They will care for this marker and my friends we want this marker to stand for what is best".

Mr. Stevenson then introduced Prof. John L. Finafrock, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Franklin County, who said in part:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of Military Organizations and Daughters of the Confederacy,—I wish that I might have something for you, a story more pleasant than I have to tell. This story should never be told in this country, how Gen Early sent his brigades of Cavalry across the Potomac and coming through Clear Spring moved toward Chambersburg. In order to confuse the Union troops, the Confederates moved in the direction of Mercersburg. Gen. Couch began attacking them here and continued to attack from time to time until they reached Chambersburg. On the evening of July 29th as these two forces met at what is known as the Corner road, their fight was witnessed by George Rupley who was a boy at that time and later a farmer of the community. He said there was only one casualty and that was himself as his mother spanked him and shut him indoors. Gen Couch sent messages to Gen. Averall and asked him to cooperate but Averell could not be reached until after the burning of Chambersburg, which was too late. After leaving Mercersburg Gen. McCausland rested his troops at the fording of the creek and there had supper. Toward morning the Confederates camped on Howard Gluck's farm outside of Chambersburg and early in the

morning enters the town and made a demand for \$100,000 in gold. The people of the town refused and at eight o'clock the burning began. There are many awful stories about the burning but there are also many stories of women and children being helped by the soldiers. Chambersburg was then a town of 5000 people.

"After burning the town, the troops moved this way and there was a story that they intended to burn St. Thomas but were too closely followed by the union forces. Then they came across the mountain to McConnellsburg and camped here and next morning many

men from our side crossed over the mountain on foot to see the battle which was expected to be fought between Gen. McCauslan's forces and those of Gen. Averell. Both forces moved on however toward Hancock and the Confederates on to West Virginia. Hunter also burned houses in the south, but his work was not justifiable. Now all feeling of hate is past and we preach good-will between the North and the South".

W. C. Patterson was then presented and gave the following reminiscences:

"Prof. Finafrock has brot to your attention the history of Gen Early's raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania up to the burning of Chambersburg. It remains for us to follow the campaign thru Fulton County till it resulted in a victory for Federal General Averell in Moorsville, Va., Aug. 4, preceeding Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah.

"It was on the afternoon of the 30th. that two orderlies rode down to this farm house and announced that Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson and staff officers would take supper with us. Mother protested that she would not be able to provide supper for so many but the orderlies replied that the colored cooks would attend to that, which they did later, using such supplies as are usually found at a farm home. Father sent two scouts out to where the Confederate flag now waves back of the barn to watch for the coming guests. These scouts that Saturday afternoon were feeling quite solemn and had taken their Shorter Catechism along with

them in preparation for the Sabbath. Not long after the elder of the scouts, T. Elliott Patterson, about thirteen years old, came rushing back with the cry, "The Rebels are coming, the Rebels are coming, followed by four year old brother, Lind, bawling out: "they ain't a-comin" but they did—the whole brigade.

The General established his headquarters as indicated by the flag beneath a large locust tree and his men scattered over the surrounding land and went into encampment. It did not take long for the cooks to prepare chicken, hot biscuits and rye coffee and our distinguished guests filed into the dining room.

"It should be noted here that our valuables had been quietly buried and our stock taken to the mountains on hearing a vague rumor of the coming of the Confederates, but no news leaked through after McCausland took possession of Chambersburg and Johnson held McConnellsburg and vicinity. The mail had been seized and the telegraph wires were out, therefore Mother's ears were open to any such news as she got from one of the colored cooks who whispered: 'Our men burned Chambersburg this morning.' Then one of the under officers remarked, 'Oh, well, the Yanks did just as badly down south'. General Johnson brought his fist down on the table and said, 'The Yanks never did anything to compare to this'. I consider this valuable historical testimony which might not have been so true some months later.

Johnson no doubt participated in the burning but did so under orders of his chief and is unjustly blamed for what he condemned a half-day later.

"After supper the officers retired to the back porch to rest in the shade. One of them offered brother Lind a lump of sugar from his hoard. Lind refused the tidbit but his younger brother was not so prejudiced and ate the lump with relish as sugar was a real luxury then. Guards were stationed around the premises and the common soldiers were not allowed to enter the yard, but a thirtsy private rode up to the yard fence and asked me to fill his canteen with water. I was only three years old and felt quite important as I handed back the full canteen.

Of course Gen. Johnson slept that night under the locust tree and by the colors of his brigade, but tradition has it that he and his staff took their breakfast in our dining room probably before I was awake for I do not remember their departure which was likely hurried by the approach of Averell's men. Mrs. Wendall Stouteagle who then lived at the mill below us said that they formed in line of battle on Mr. Johnston's field, but that lack of ammunition prevented a clash of the two forces. I think however, it was like some of our school boy conflicts, one was afraid and the other daren't. Henry Washabaugh, father of D. Andrew Washabaugh, our neighbor, testified that the Confederates were riding at full speed when they went thru Webster Mills. In this connection I should mention that Mr. J. E. Murray of the 14th Penna. Cavalry is with us today and was with us that Sabbath morning, riding hard to overtake Johnson before he crossed the Potomac River. In justice to Averell it should be remembered that his men and his horses were exhausted with an all night march from Franklin county and history records that a day or two later he took a much needed rest. However, Johnson made good his retreat and crossed the river at Hancock with all his booty.

"My mother and I were standing on the porch gazing across the wreck strewn meadow in the early morning when a large body of mounted troops streamed past the Johnston farm house on the public road. Mother exclaimed: 'Oh, here comes a lot more of them!' Just then Old Glory hove in sight and mother wept for joy.

Mr. Thomas F. Sloan, then a boy of fifteen, was in charge of the telegraph office in McConnellsburg and on news of the approaching enemy he took an extra set of telegraph instruments and hid them at the home of Judge Jeremiah Porter. Before entering the town, the Confederates cut the telegraph lines. They then went to the telegraph office and made Mr. Sloan a prisoner, taking his instruments with them. Later Mr. Sloan was released and the first thing he did was to repair the wires that had been cut, get the set of instruments hidden at Judge Porter's and report to the Federal General in charge of the district

the movement of the enemy troops. It is said this is the first information the Federals had indicating which way the raiders were returning South. The following morning General Averell was in the telegraph office and Mr. Sloan sent his reports direct to the military authorities in Washington.

Incidents of the raid:

"The only live chicken left on the place that Sabbath morning was a hen that had stolen her nest. A pile of fowls was later found in the meadow, either forgotten or overlooked in the hurried retreat. Our family carriage was taken by Johnson's men and there by hangs a tale. Twenty-five years or more after the close of the war, my brother, T. E. Patterson, cut a section of root from the headquarters tree and had tablets made and properly inscribed. He kept one and gave one to us as a memento and later presented one to Gen. Johnson who was then practicing law in Baltimore. Elliottee was introduced by a mutual friend who informed the General that Mr. Patterson had come to Baltimore to recover his father's carriage. Johnson's reply was not recorded but he probably referred him to Gen. Averell. Johnson remembered the encampment and was able to locate the surrounding grounds and buildings. To correct a press error, it should be said that Johnson's men did not pay for their supper or carriage, but it was on a former raid that the sum of \$800 was paid in Confederate money when a large quantity of farm provisions and live stock were taken. Father had \$600 of this money redeemed by a Hagerstown bank at about one-half of one per cent in gold. We still have some bills in our possession which may be of interest to relic lovers. It was on Sabbath morning that a party of Confederate stragglers overtook Johnston Nelson, his brother David and another boy named Harm in the woods belonging to Thomas Logan and now the property of the Sloan Heirs. The boys were relieved of their loose change, David's recollection is quite vivid. J. W. Greathhead's store in McConnellsburg was raided on this occasion and property to the value of several thousand dollars

was carried off or destroyed. A Confederate officer certified to the loss but did not turn over any cash. At the time of the Confederate raid Miss Laura Hoke, now Mrs. Laura Hoke, was living in McConnellsburg and, together with others, was deprived of her riding horse. She complained to an officer who told her that if she could pick out her horse from the army herd, she might reclaim him. She got her horse. Miss Hoke was said to be at that time our most beautiful maiden. Mrs. Hoke still lives and retains her faculties and beauty. She makes her home in Latrobe, Pa. It is a pleasure to testify to the courtesy of the Confederates. Mother protested to an officer that we had suffered more severely than most of our neighbors and that they were taking the bread out of her children's mouths. 'Well madam', he replied, 'you just have the things we need, However, you shall not be molested any further', and he was as good as his word. Father remarked afterwards, 'I never slept sounder than when he was under the protection of Johnson's pickets.' At all events the Blue and Gray mingle most happily today and shoulder to shoulder have fought their common foes on many a field with equal loyalty under a flag respected all over the world".

The next speaker introduced by Chairman Stevenson was Mrs. John Pryor Cowan, President of The Pittsburgh Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mr. Stevenson spoke of the fine work being done by this organization in the Pittsburgh area.

Mrs. Cowan's address follows:

"Mr Chairman, Members of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and the Fulton County Historical Society and you, our neighbors and esteemed friends of Southern Pennsylvania:

"By the gracious act of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and the Fulton County Historical Society you make this celebration of the "last Confederate camp-fire" something that is to be everlasting in the hearts of the people of the Southland. Bradley Johnson and his gallant troops of gray have vanished; the blare of bugles, the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of sabres and scabbards have long since died away in the echoes of your majestic mountains—but his

camp-fire burns on.

"Here in your beautiful Cove always there will linger the recollections of this day. With patriotic devotion to the truth of history, you do honor to soldiers enrolled in the righteous cause of steadfast obedience to justice as they saw the light. Unselfishly, you add to the smouldering spary of cherished traditions the fuel of loving memory—and the camp-fire burns on.

"Behind those southern hills lies old Virginia and her sister states where it was destined that the alarms of war and the anguish of battle should continue for weary months after the stillness of peace came to Pennsylvania. And in the South peace was followed by suffering, distress and poverty. The spiritual restoration of the Union was speedily effected when we compare it with the period for the recovery of material losses and for economic adjustment. Within this period Southern women organized the United Daughters of the Confederacy, "to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; to protect, preserve and mark places made historic by Confederate valor; to collect and preserve material for the truthful history of the War between the States; to fulfill the sacred duty of benevolence toward the survivors"—in a word, to keep the camp-fires burning.

"Our task has been one of love, of patriotism of the most axalted order. In working for the rehabilitation of the Southland, in benevolent measures for the survivors among those who wore the gray, in recording the patient endurance of Southern women in the hardship of war and during the days of reconstruction and in cherishing the ties of friendship among its members, the United Daughters of the Confederacy is carrying on a nationwide activity. In the Northern States we have received the most cordial cooperation, and it is a matter of pride to us who reside in Pennsylvania that this great commonwealth leads all the rest in its recognition of sites within its borders whereon enacted important scenes in the memorable drama of the sixties. In the Keystone state the camp-fire burns on.

The battle of McConnellsburg on June 30, 1863, is overshadowed by the great conflict at Gettysburg, but the defense made here by Capt. Jones and his little force was important in checking the Confederate movement westward. More important than the fighting was the demonstration of humanity and gallant conduct by the people of McConnellsburg. When two of Gen. Imboden's Confederate soldiers fell it was the citizens here who kept their graves green and erected the headstones which last year were replaced by a granite monument from the Daughters of the Confederacy of Virginia and North Carolina. Less than a year ago at Carlisle Springs we saw unveiled a monument marking the farthest north reached by Gen. Lee's army, and today we commemorate the last Confederate bivouac in this historic valley.

"While this stone and bronze endures the camp-fire burns on.

Of the incidents at the last Confederate Camp-fire sixty-six years ago, you have heard a graphic description by Mr. Patterson to whom we are indebted for much of the inspiration of this occasion. Mr. Stevenson and Dr. Shenk have told us of the State Historical Commission's objects in preserving historic sites and in broadcasting historic truths. The camp-fire burns on.

We congratulate the citizens of Fulton County in having here such an active Historical Society. Few other sections of the State have a field so rich in opportunity for research and the preservation of its historic past. Surrounded by some of the loftiest and truly the most beautiful mountains on the Continent, you possess a hallowed ground, breathing contentment, prosperity and wholesome citizenship. While you stand guard, the campfire burns on.

At McConnellsburg Bradley Johnson had a worthy foe. On the program is mentioned Gen Averell who conducted the Federal advance. As Pennsylvanian's we have an intimate interest in his command because it included the 14th. and 22nd. regiments of Pennsylvania Cavalry, important units in the brigade commanded by Col. J. M. Schoonmaker of Pittsburgh. History records that when

the Confederates withdrew they were in almost constant conflict with these Pennsylvania troopers. Col. Schoonmaker's memory is honored in the South as well as in the North. When the Pittsburgh Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized, Col. Schoonmaker was one of our principal sponsors. We had hoped to bring with us today a Confederate veteran and a Union veteran for your guard of honor, but they were too feeble to withstand the journey. It is a matter of pride with us that one of these veterans is a survivor of Col. Schoonmaker's Fourteenth Cavalry. We call him comrade.

The camp-fire burns on.

Speaking for our organization and in expressing our gratitude to the State Historical Commission and the Fulton County Historical Society for the consecration of this historic spot, it seems fitting that we should pledge our co-operation in similar activities

to commemorate important events in the War Between the States. I will pledge you to do more. On Gettysburg battlefield many Southern States are not represented by state monuments. When I see the inspiring statue dedicated by the state of Virginia and the beautiful North Carolina memorial at Gettysburg, I recall the gallantry of Hood's Texans, and yet Texas has no state monument; Barksdale's Mississippians in the thickest of the fray in the 'valley of death' saw their heroic commander fall, and yet Mississippi has no monument; second only to the memorable charge of Pickett was the onslaught made by the famed 'Louisiana Tigers', and yet Louisiana is not represented by a state memorial. The great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania represented by you officially. Mr. Stevenson, may be assured that your commemoration of an event in the career of Bradley Johnson will be heralded thruout the South as a generous, gracious act. The United Daughters of the Confederacy, through their representatives with you today would like to leave this message for the Governor at Harrisburg:—That we will urge the authorities in the Southern States thru every measure in our power to erect at Gettysburg state memorials to the

valor of their sons who served in the struggle on Pennsylvania soil in 1863. They fought not in vain. The camp-fire burns on.

To you, Mr. Patterson, and to the members of your family, let me say that you have furnished us a hospitable rallying place. To this shrine pilgrims will come from afar. We shall find it a delight to return to hear again the fascinating narrative of Bradley Johnson and his men. We will not say farewell, but wish you rather many happy returns of this anniversary—good cheer—long life—a host of pleasant memories—while the camp-fire burns on.

The Secretary of the local society, Rev. William J. Lowe presented several letters and a telegram, among them being a letter from Frederic A. Godcharles, Director of the State Library and Museum and a member of the State Historical Commission; and a telegram from Mrs. Chas. W. Schaadt, Pres. of the Elliott Grays Chapter, U. D. C., Richmond, Va.

Mr. Stevenson also read a very interesting letter from Mrs. Bradley S. Johnson in which she expressed her regret that neither she nor the grandsons of Gen. Bradley Johnson could be present for the unveiling ceremonies.

The assembly then adjourned to the site of Gen. Johnson's encampment where a Confederate flag was flying just as it had sixty-six years before. The flag was lowered by H. Dill Strickler and John Dick, of George Simpson Post, G. A. R. of Huntingdon, Pa., and Hon. D. H. Patterson of McConnellsburg, all veterans of the war of the sixties. This is the last Confederate flag that will probably be officially lowered on Pennsylvania soil and was furnished by the U. D. C. of Pittsburgh. Mrs. A. F. Hoffman of the Pittsburgh Chapter U. D. C. then presented the flag to Hon. D. H. Patterson for the Fulton County Historical Society, making the following presentation address:—

"In presenting this little flag to the Fulton County Historical Society we ask you to cherish it as the memento of an occasion that long will be remembered with gratitude by the peo

ple of the South. Your act in commemorating the 'last Confederate camp-fire' emphasizes exalted patriotism.

"This is a banner of sacred memories. Men who fought under it in the sixties have since proved their loyalty to the Stars and Stripes at Santiago and Manila in ninety-eight, and tens of thousands of sons and grandsons of the Blue and Gray mingled on the battlefields of France.

"We tender this flag in appreciation of our esteem for the work you are doing in conserving the truth in history. It goes to you with our cordial good wishes to your members personally and for the continued success of your society".

Mr. Patterson in accepting the flag expressed the appreciation of himself in behalf of the society to preserve the flag in archives of the society as the memento of a great day.

Following the afternoon program which was attended by more than two hundred persons many of whom came from a distance, the members of the Historical Society gave a reception and a picnic supper to the visiting friends and guests. The supper was served in the meadow of the Patterson farm where the shade from the nearby hill had cooled the atmosphere and where the waters of a fine spring not only quenched the thirst, but lent a cooling fragrance to the air. More than one hundred and twenty-five enjoyed the bounty of this delicious picnic supper and the fine spirit of fellowship and sociability. This was indeed a perfect ending of a perfect day. Every detail of the program for the day was carried out as arranged and the occasion was voted a great success by the visitors and the home folks.

The committee in charge of the reception and supper consisted of Miss Mary Seylar, Ch., Mrs. James H. Kendall, Mrs. Chas. B. Stevens, Mrs. B. F. Henry and Mrs. E. M. Krug.



